Impervius, Fuck Yeah!

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Impervius, Fuck Yeah!

by lumosatnight

Summary

If anyone asked him, it's really not Draco's fault that he likes looking at his boyfriend in the shower, the way little beads of water float across brown skin, how they trickle over muscular shoulders before trailing lower. And it's totally not Draco's fault that he's easily distracted by the simplest things, like Harry pressing his slick and slippery body right up against Draco's dick. So it's *definitely* not Draco's fault that they're going to be late for lunch with Ginny and Luna… again.

(The sextras to my Impervius, What? series, but can also be read as individual PWP one-shots.)

Notes

Drarry's Daily Drabbles: A continuation of my Drarry story told in daily drabble variations. Now including septabbles, octabbles, novabbles, and decabbles! These are the extra X-rated scenes from my Impervius, What? series, so I highly recommend reading the rest of the series first for context. Although, if you only clicked this for the Drarry sexcapades and not the plot, then who am I to judge? *You do you* (or do someone else if you feel so inclined).

It's been 300 days since the end of Impervius, Not. Welcome back to Harry and Draco ripping their clothes off.

Happy 300 days!

FUCK

Chapter Summary

Extended version of Impervius, Not *(Chapter 30)*: Drarry's first time.

"Bed. Now," Harry whispers into Draco's ear.

In a blink, Draco Apparates them to his bedroom.

They blindly stumble towards the bed, crashing onto the mattress and falling on their sides.

With gentle fingers, Harry strokes down Draco's jaw. "We've been such idiots," he says, softly.

"No, *you've* been an idiot. *I* was being perfectly reasonable," Draco sniffs.

"My apologies," says Harry fondly. *"I've* been an idiot. I should be thanking you for putting up with my idiocracy."

"Oh, there's no need for that," Draco says airily. "I have a very generous heart. You should be heeding my benevolence."

Harry snorts. "Right. I'll get right on that."

"You know what you could get on?" says Draco.

"What?"

"Me."

"Get on… OH!" exclaims Harry as Draco pulls him on top of him. The press of Harry's weight sweeps everything else from Draco's mind.

"Oh, I do like this new position." Harry grins.

"Do you?" Draco responds, a bit breathlessly.

"Mmhm." Harry leans over and brushes his lips against the shell of Draco's ear. "Such a *pleasurable* position."

"Salazar, *yessss,"* Draco gasps as sharp teeth graze the skin of his throat.

But then Harry (the insufferable berk) pulls away.

“Can I…” Harry glances down nervously. “I-I want to watch you.”

And how can Draco say no to a request like that?

“Okay,” says Draco.

“Okay?”

“First drawer,” is all Draco says in response.

Harry reaches for the bedside table and opens the first drawer.

“I hope you don’t like it dry,” Draco says as Harry removes the items inside. “Because I prefer it wet, *dripping* wet.”

“No, yeah, wet is… wet is good.” Harry watches as Draco slathers an obscene amount of lube on his fingers, banishes his clothes with a casual flick, and wraps a slick hand around his jutting cock.

He hikes a leg up to his chest, putting his arse on full display, and trails his fingers down until they rest just outside his entrance. Harry is riveted, staring at the path of Draco’s fingers. Draco sinks 2 fingers inside, throws his head back, and lets out an exaggerated moan.

“Holy fuck,” says Harry.

“Nnnggh,” moans Draco, sliding his fingers out and thrusting back in.

“Fuck, oh fuck. Where’re your condoms? I’m not gonna last with you looking like that.”

“Don’t need them.” Draco groans, circling his fingers inside. “I’m clean. Want to feel you.”

“Fuck,” Harry says dazedly. “Did I tell you I love you yet? Because I fucking love you.”

“W-What?” Draco’s fingers pause.

“I… uh… I love you?”

“Oh my god,” Draco says desperately. “You can’t just say things like that!”

“Well, I… just did.”

“HARRY,” Draco shouts. “Just… COME HERE ALREADY.” He yanks Harry down, wanting to be as close as magically possible.

Harry groans and then his body is pinning Draco to the mattress, his clothes rough against Draco’s naked skin. Harry adds more lube— until Draco is *dripping* with it just like he said —and slides a finger in next to Draco’s.

At four fingers, Draco pulls his fingers out, a trail of lube following.

“I’m ready,” he says.

“Thank fuck.” Harry scissors his fingers one last time, before also pulling out. “Thought I was going to come just from that.”

“Mmmm, we wouldn’t want that,” Draco teases. “Not when you can come *inside.”*

Harry strips his clothes off as if they’re on fire.

He presses his cock against Draco’s rim, and Draco opens for him slowly *(so so slowly),* and Harry mutters a string of curses and praises and maybe something about “better than treacle tart,” and Draco clings to Harry’s shoulders as Harry rocks forward, and Harry starts moving faster, slamming into Draco, faster and harder, until the sound of rough slaps fill the room, and Draco closes his eyes, floating in the glorious sensation of Harry fucking him because…

Fuck.

HOW THE ACTUAL FUCK is this really happening?

Draco can hardly believe it.

As Draco comes, all he sees is Harry— Harry’s face scrunched up in pleasure, Harry’s muscles tensing and then relaxing as he comes too.

But it was always like that, wasn’t it?

All Draco ever saw was Harry… the only difference now is *Harry sees him too.*

Fuck's Sake

Chapter Summary

Drarry POV of Impervius, Maybe *(Chapters 1-4)*: Ron regrets everything.

"Harry, *hurry up."*

Harry places a warm hand on Draco's hip, holding him steady, making him wait. He crowds Draco against the conference table.

"I have coffee with Susan in fifteen minutes."

"Then we still have fifteen minutes." Harry's breath is hot in Draco's ear. "Plenty of time." His hand trails down Draco's chest, stopping just above the waistband of Draco's trousers.

"Tell me what you want, love." Harry's hand unzips him and slips inside to rub Draco over the fabric of his pants.

"Yessss," Draco hisses. His hips twitch towards Harry's hand.

"Yes what, love?" Harry presses down and Draco gasps.

"Your hand. *Fuuuck,* your hand."

A tingle of Harry's magic and then Harry's hand is pressed directly onto Draco's cock, wrapping around it.

"Did you just banish my pants?"

"They were in the way," Harry murmurs, his lips leaving a trail from Draco's chin down to his collarbone and back up.

"You owe me new ones."

Harry removes his lips from Draco's neck and looks up, his *green* green eyes sparkling behind his glasses.

"No," says Harry.

Draco frowns, about to protest, when Harry's hand *moves.* It tightens around Draco's cock and *strokes,* hard and fast and smooth. Draco drops his head on Harry's shoulder, his legs about to give out from the feeling.

Harry's lips are at Draco's ear again. "I rather like you without pants." He continues stroking, twisting, making Draco putty in his arms. "In fact, I don't think you should wear pants…"

"...at home..." Harry flicks his wrist and Draco shudders.

"...at the office…" Harry's other hand grips Draco's waist, holding him steady, keeping him upright.

"...or ever again." He nips at Draco's ear.

Draco comes with a silent moan, his orgasm so intense, the room seems to shudder around him. Draco barely has time to come down from his amazing high when…

"Oh god not again!" Ron slaps a hand over his eyes. "This is the third time this week. Have some self-restraint, would you?"

Harry discreetly casts a cleaning charm and removes his hand, embarrassed now that they have company.

"You could knock," says Draco, more annoyed than anything. With Ron here, he won't be able to get into Harry's pants until later.

He tucks in his shirt and goes to zip his trousers, his spent cock rubbing uncomfortably against the tight fabric.

And, damn it. Draco still doesn't have any pants.

☂☂☂

"This is so unsanitary!"

"Mmm, *soooo* dirty," Harry moans, his lips attached to Draco's throat.

He reaches under Draco's shirt and slips his hands down the back of Draco's trousers.

"Are you—" Harry pauses. "Are you not wearing any pants?"

Draco squirms. "You said you liked... I just thought..."

"Fuck, you're incredible," Harry breathes. He kisses down Draco's neck with renewed vigor.

Harry's hands roam over Draco's arse, fingers inching towards the crease, but Draco stops him. Harry retreats, albeit reluctantly, and circles his hands around Draco's back instead, caressing under the hem of Draco's shirt.

Draco spins them so that Harry is the one pressed against the cold sink. Harry gives a small *oof* of surprise.

Draco drops to his knees.

The dirty bathroom floor at the Leaky isn't ideal, but Draco's dealt with worse. With Harry heaving above him, Draco carefully pulls Harry's hard prick out and slots his lips around it, which is when...

"Goddamnit, again!?" Ron yells before hastily slamming the door closed.

Harry buries his face in his hands, mortified.

Draco grabs his wand and casts a quick locking charm.

"Now where were we?"

He sucks Harry's cock back into his mouth and Harry moans.

☂☂☂

"Won't McGonagall come looking for us?"

"No, we have time," Harry whispers.

He backs Draco against a desk, grabbing under Draco's thighs and hauling him up to sit on top. Draco will forever appreciate Harry's toned arms and ability to lift Draco up without a second thought.

"Merlin and Morgana, this is getting ridiculous!"

Draco glances over Harry's shoulder at Ron gaping in the doorway. Thankfully, Harry hasn't noticed Ron yet and Draco plans to keep it that way. He gives a shameless moan as Harry's hands shift to grip his arse, Ron's eyes helplessly tracking the movement.

Draco smirks right at Ron as he tilts his head, Harry's lips immediately descending on his neck.

He doesn't quite understand Harry's obsession with his throat, but he's not complaining… he just needs to keep buying more Bruisewort Balm (like *a lot* more).

"Oh, for fuck's sake," Ron mumbles. He shudders and quickly backs away.

Harry's lips retreat momentarily, his hands settled on Draco's arse.

"Are you not wearing pants again?"

"Um…" says Draco.

"Merlin," says Harry, his eyes falling closed. "You have no idea how much I want you right now."

"Then have me."

"We're at *Hogwarts."*

“And you never got up to any *illicit activities* in empty Hogwarts’ classrooms?”

Draco stretches down and palms Harry through his trousers, causing Harry to groan.

“I didn’t bring any lube,” Harry gasps between groans.

“Lucky for you” —Draco reaches into his cloak to the secret pocket he added himself— “I have plenty.”

He uncaps the bottle with his mouth, grabs Harry’s hand, and drizzles a healthy amount of lube onto Harry’s fingers.

Harry stares for a moment, then seems to snap back into himself.

“Turn around,” he orders, stepping away. “I want to bend you over the desk.”

And bend over Draco does.

What the Fuck?

Chapter Summary

Drarry POV of Impervius, Maybe *(Chapter 23)*: the final prank.

"Do we have to?" Harry hesitates outside Ron and Hermione's flat.

"Yes," Draco insists.

"But… isn't it a bit much? Sure, they took our bed, but they'll give it back, and we have more laying around Grimmauld Place."

"Harry," Draco huffs. *"You promised."*

Draco blinks his long lashes and pouts in a way he knows will break his boyfriend down within minutes.

Sure enough, not one minute later…

"Alright, alright." Draco pecks his cheek. "The things I do for you," Harry grumbles.

Draco unlocks the door and pulls Harry inside.

They bypass the first floor, careful not to touch anything, and trudge upstairs.

"And you're sure they won't be home?" Harry questions, hand poised over the bedroom door.

"Yes, I double checked this morning. Hermione said they were having dinner with her parents." He neglects to mention when that dinner was (two hours ago) and that she and Ron will be home by eight (in fifteen minutes).

Harry narrows his eyes. "You're hiding something."

"Not *much."*

Harry sighs. He knows a lost battle when he sees one. He pushes into the room. Draco appraises the room— the modestly sized bed, simple side table, and towering shelves of books.

"Well, how do you want me?" Harry asks, not upset but definitely resigned and moderately apprehensive, things Harry should *not* be feeling for this to work.

"Get on the bed," Draco commands, and Harry obeys.

Draco spells their clothes off then slicks his fingers up with a generous amount of lube.

“Hands and knees,” he says.

Harry settles in, head resting on his forearms, and spreads his legs.

“I’m gonna make you feel so good,” Draco croons. “You’ll forget where you are, you’ll forget your own name.” He rubs a slippery finger against Harry’s hole.

Harry twitches, but otherwise doesn’t react. “I’d like to see you try.”

“I’ll do more than try,” Draco mutters, then slides one finger inside.

Harry’s back arches, hands clutching at the sheets.

“Oh, *darling.”* Draco pistons his finger in and out, catching on Harry’s rim. “You take it so well.”

“Is th-that all?” Harry looks over his shoulder and smirks.

Draco adds more lube, then unceremoniously shoves 3 fingers into Harry’s arse. He pushes deeper, curls them inside, and... yes, THERE. Harry *writhes,* Draco’s fingers stroking his prostate, but he’s still much too quiet for Draco's taste.

Draco leans over and *bites* Harry right on the arse.

“Ahhh!” Harry gasps.

He leaves a trail of hickies up Harry’s spine and Harry moans, unable to stop himself.

Draco is debating adding a fourth finger when Harry blurts, “Do it. I can’t wait any longer.”

“Mmmm. So needy.” Draco pauses. “But didn’t you say this was a bad idea? Maybe I should stop.” He starts to pull his fingers out.

“Don’t you dare stop now!”

“Hm, what was that?”

“Just fuck me!” Harry yells hoarsely, his voice already wrecked.

“Well, if you insist.” Draco removes his fingers with a loud squelch.

Harry whines, but then Draco is back, rubbing his slicked cock against Harry’s fluttering hole. He pushes in with one long stroke, his momentum carrying him forward and sliding Harry up the bed.

Harry lashes out, scrambling for purchase, and knocks a lamp onto the floor, but they hardly notice.

“FUCK!” Harry shouts, drowning out the crashing lamp.

"NNNghhhh," Draco groans. Even with careful preparation, Harry is *tighhhhhht,* a hot wet sleeve made just for Draco's cock. He pulls out and slams back in.

Which is when the door springs open and two figures burst inside.

"WHAT THE FUCK!?!" screams Ron, his wand shaking.

Hermione pokes her head in and also screams.

"OH MY GODRIC!"

Draco can't help it. He can't stop. His hips move back on their own accord and thrust forward again.

Harry releases a strangled groan.

"Why the *fuck* are you *fucking* on our *fucking* bed!?" Ron yells, face Gryffindor red.

Harry pushes Draco off and rushes under the covers. Draco sits cross-legged on the bed and pretends to be unaffected by the entire situation. In reality his body is *screaming* for Harry to return, his hard dick *aching* without Harry's tight wet heat.

The rest of the conversation is a blur.

"Change the sheets when you're done," Hermione says in her no-nonsense voice and no matter how lust-clouded Draco's brain is, he knows to obey *that* voice.

"Yes, ma'am," he says.

Hermione winks and slams the door.

And Draco *launches* himself at Harry, throwing off the covers, and getting his hands on Harry's beautiful brown skin. He yanks up Harry's legs, revealing his dripping hole and sinks back inside.

They both moan in relief.

"Oh my god, MOVE," Harry demands.

So Draco moves.

He pulls back, cants his hips, then pushes back in.

From there it is a frenzy of "Ahhh, ahhhh, so good, Harry, so tight for me" and "yes, Draco, fuck me, oh yes *YES"* as Draco slams into Harry again and again, their bodies slapping together, the headboard banging against the wall.

"I'm gonna— I'm gonna—" Harry grabs his cock and pumps it desperately.

"Yes, come for me, darling." Draco plunges into him, all the way to the hilt, the bed rocking with each thrust, Harry's hips pinned to the mattress.

"Yes yes yes," Harry chants, followed by "Draco, *ohhhhhhh,* Draco, *NNNNNNNHHHHHH,"* and then he's coming, long spurts of cum falling onto his chest, some even splattering onto his face.

And Draco can't hold on any longer. He comes seconds later, pounding into Harry, moaning, "Fuck, Harry, fucking amazing, *ahh ahh OHHHH."*

They collapse onto the bed, sticky and sated.

The bed gives an ominous creak, wobbles perilously to one side, then crashes to the ground.

"Fuck," Harry groans. "Ron's gonna kill me."

"No, he won't," says Draco, carding his hand through Harry's sweaty hair. "If he killed you then I would have to kill *him,* and he knows that would be a very unpleasant experience."

"I suppose," Harry murmurs.

He gives Draco a quick kiss then snuggles under the covers.

Fucking Flowers

Chapter Summary

Extended version of Impervius, Probably *(Chapter 14)*: in the garden.

Sod the Beauty Water fountain that splashed them. Sod his wet clothes drying in the grass. Sod Blaise and his unhelpfullness with escaping *his own fucking store.*

Draco has had enough!

He reaches for Harry, yanking him down and onto the dry blanket. Harry falls in surprise, but Draco catches him with steady hands.

“What’re you doing?” Harry squirms in Draco’s naked lap, legs bracketing Draco’s sides.

“Isn’t it obvious?” Draco noses at Harry’s jaw.

“Well, yeah… but *here?”*

Draco pulls back to look at Harry’s face. “Where else then? Because I am not fucking going all the way back to the couch section, and you remember how the beds worked out.”

Harry sighs, either in agreement, exasperation, or bliss. Draco isn’t sure because he’s distracted sucking a hickey into Harry’s neck.

Looping his arms around Draco’s shoulders, Harry rolls his hips forward, bringing their exposed cocks closer. Harry isn’t hard yet, but Draco knows a few things that will change that.

He sucks harder on Harry’s neck and feels Harry’s cock twitch in response. Bingo.

“Draco, wait, wait.”

With great reluctance, Draco pulls back again, but he keeps his hands steadily gripping Harry’s hips.

Harry bites his lip. “I dunno how far you wanna take this, but I didn’t bring any lube.”

“And you think I didn’t?”

“Wait, really? You brought *lube* to *MIKEA™*?”

Draco rolls his eyes. “I always bring lube.” He grips Harry tighter. *“Especially* since I know you won’t.”

“Hmm, that’s hot,” Harry says, tipping his head back, a subtle invitation for Draco to continue his ministrations on his neck— an invitation Draco cannot resist.

Within minutes, Harry is a writhing mess in Draco’s lap, his eyes scrunched shut as he heaves for breath. Harry’s slicked-up hands rub their cocks between them with frenzied strokes.

“Nnnhh,” groans Draco, as Harry grinds against him in a particularly delicious thrust. “Salazar, Harry, slow down.”

“Can’t,” Harry pants. “Wanna come… m’close…” He strokes faster, their cocks sliding together with Draco barely holding on.

“Oh god,” he moans. “The plug… I can’t… I’m gonna…”

“YOU’RE WEARING A PLUG RIGHT NOW?” Draco yells, and comes on the spot, groaning into Harry’s shoulder.

“Y-Yeah,” gasps Harry, still rutting frantically against him. “Been wearing it all day… undetectable… thought we’d be home by now and we could… *oh god, THERE.”*

Draco circles a finger around to Harry’s hole and feels the base of the plug materialize into existence. Undetectable, indeed. He pushes on the plug and Harry arches in his arms.

“Draco,” Harry keens. “Please… I can’t…”

“Let go, darling,” Draco purrs.

And Harry does, convulsing on top of him, their cum mixing together on their bare stomachs.

Harry slumps, a heavy, relaxed weight of Auror-toned muscle.

“Take it out,” Draco orders, after Harry somewhat regains the use of his limbs and Draco banishes their mess away.

“Wha’? Why?” Harry says groggily, lifting his head from Draco’s shoulder.

Draco surges forward and forces Harry onto his back, keeping his weight hovering above him. “So I can see your gaping hole and fuck you into the floor.”

“Fuck!” Harry blurts. “Right, okay… let me just…”

Later— much much later —Draco winds an arm around Harry’s torso and trails fingertips over sweaty skin.

“You were wearing a plug this entire time, and you *still* forgot to bring lube. You are unbelievable.”

“Well, I didn’t think we’d get stuck here.” Harry relaxes under Draco’s calm caresses.

“Yes, let’s *not* do that again,” says Draco.

“Cheers,” Harry murmurs, his eyelids drifting closed.

They soon fall asleep, the blue blanket curling around them, the flowers sighing in content.

Fuck Me

Chapter Summary

Set post Impervius, Probably: Harry and Draco in the shower.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"I still can't believe you actually bought it," Harry says, voice muffled beneath the spray of water. "Why'd you do it?"

Draco straightens up from the sink and watches Harry in the mirror— black hair pushed back against his scalp, beautiful brown skin beading with water and dripping down his back, face tilted at a delicious angle with water spilling across it.

"Mmm," says Draco, his voice a low hum. "You know why."

Harry shifts his head out of the stream of water and opens his eyes, the green smoldering at Draco through the clear shower curtain, and smiles.

"Yeah, so you could judge me while I bathe."

Draco steps closer, eyes trailing down Harry's naked body.

"Not judge. *Appreciate."* The word slides off his tongue like satin.

Harry shivers. He turns his head back under the spray.

"Well, are you coming in? Water's gonna be ice cold by the time you get in here."

"Don't be so dramatic," says Draco. He peels off his clothes, letting them fall to the floor next to Harry's. He pulls back the see-through curtain— the best purchase he's ever made — and joins Harry under the water.

"Budge over."

"No," says Harry, eyes sparkling under his wet locks. He pushes back, the slick skin of his arse pressing against Draco's front.

Draco needs to focus. He cannot be distracted by Harry's body, no matter how wet and enticing it may be. They're meeting Ginny and Luna for lunch and they're already running short on time.

“Pass me the soap,” he says. Harry picks up the soap and holds it tauntingly out of reach, while also sticking his arse out and grinding harder against Draco’s slowly growing erection.

“Harry,” Draco groans. “You’re going to make us late.”

“They won’t mind.”

No, they probably won’t. Ginny and Luna are far too used to Harry and Draco’s antics by now.

Harry pushes back again, and Draco almost makes a truly indecent sound.

“Is that what you want?” Draco pulls at Harry’s hair and growls, “To be *late?* For them to know *exactly* what we’ve been doing?” With his other hand, he grips Harry’s hip and presses their bodies together, starting a slow grind.

“Yes,” Harry gasps, arching towards Draco’s touch.

“Oh, you filthy boy.” Draco tugs roughly at Harry’s head. The soap falls to the floor. “I’m going to make you even filthier.”

He places a palm between Harry’s shoulder blades, urging him to face the shower wall, and Harry complies.

With Harry trapped against the wall, water spraying down his back, Draco kneels down.

Harry’s breath hitches.

“Draco, are you—”

“Shhh.”

Draco spreads Harry’s cheeks apart, then leans forward and *licks* over Harry’s clenched hole.

Harry shudders.

“That’s it, darling. Just relax.”

He leaves another long lick, tongue circling the soft flesh of Harry’s rim.

“Oh god,” Harry moans.

Draco continues, tongue swiping over, around, and into Harry’s hole— spreading Harry out, pushing further inside.

“Draco I—” Harry’s whole body trembles. *“Fuck.”*

Harry suddenly spins around, his eyes unfocused.

“Lube. Where’s the lube?” he says desperately.

“Trousers, left pocket.”

Harry rips open the curtain and scrambles for Draco’s trousers, retrieving the small bottle of *Impervius* -charmed lube. He pops it open, coats his fingers, and immediately pushes 2 fingers inside his saliva-wet hole.

Draco watches Harry’s fingers move— in and out, in and out. Then Harry adds a third finger and Draco wants to touch *so fucking badly.*

Harry reaches back and closes a slippery hand around Draco’s cock.

“Fuck me,” he says, “NOW.”

And who is Draco to argue with a statement like that?

Draco slides in… smooth… slow.

Harry clings to the wall, face smushed against the tile.

“More…” he groans. “I need *more.”*

“I’ll give you more,” Draco growls. He grabs Harry’s hair again, and slams in hard.

Each thrust is faster and harder, their wet bodies crashing together, Harry moaning so loudly Draco is worried it will wake Great Aunt Walburga three floors down.

“Oh!” Harry cries into the wall.

And then he’s coming, painting the tiles with white.

“Keep going,” Harry pants as Draco continues thrusting into Harry’s pliant body.

“Almost there, darling.”

Draco picks up the pace, sweating from the strain.

“God,” grunts Harry, followed by, “Draco, *unnhhh,* I love you so much.”

And Draco comes, declarations of love spilling from his lips and pouring into Harry.

“Wow,” Harry says after, when they’re all soaped down and stepping out of the shower. “We should do that more often.”

Draco laughs and presses a kiss to Harry’s bare shoulder, the smell of clean skin enveloping him.

“Or…” Harry licks his lips. “We could do more right now.” He circles a hand around Draco’s hip and whispers, “Let me make you filthy too.”

And fuck, they’re definitely going to be late… again.

Chapter End Notes

This is the last full installment of the series. I had a lovely time brainstorming and writing every chapter. It's been quite the adventure this past year with getting more into the fanfiction community, having the courage to post my work, writing SMUT for the first time (hoo boy, that's still a challenge), and signing up for way too many fic fests. But it's truly been a blast! And after this series, there's a special place in my heart for drabbles.

Thanks for reading! If you enjoyed it, leave a kudos or a comment. They really make my day :D

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!